THE COMMONWEAL

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THE PROSPECT OF PEACE

CAN war be outlawed?

In using the word, "outlawed," most people picture a world freed from international jealousy and discord, and settling in a dispassionate and peaceful way such disputes as may arise. But the details of the picture are blurred. The paths by which mankind may reach this ideal realm of peace are not definitely shown. There is uncertainty as to which of them lead to peace and which to the slough of despond. The proponents of peace frequently imagine that they can reach their goal by a sort of magic carpet, to which ordinary barriers do not exist. They forget that if war is to be destroyed at all, the process must be long and arduous. Reforms as great as this are not accomplished over night. No one has yet demonstrated a certain method for the elimination of war.

The chief objection to much of the current discussion upon the subject of its outlawry is that the discussion lacks either concreteness or a recognition of existing facts. It is insufficient to rest any case upon vague platitudes. The present is what must be faced. The past was once the present. The future will be so in turn. Civilization has ever been marked in terms of "I do," and not of "I did," or "I shall do." The great minds of each age have been content to do the work of each day, as and when it was to be done. The same rule applies to nations. They cannot afford to fall into a torpor such as afflicts the lands of the East. Neither can they afford to neglect the present in planning for the future. This cannot be too strongly impressed upon the seeker after world peace. Let him seek for peace, by all means. But if he wishes for success, if he wishes for a peace in reality as distinct from a peace on paper, or a peace which can be blown over by the first breath of opposition, let him draw his plans with reference to the present.

Roughly speaking, there are two methods by which the advocates of universal peace hope to gain their end. One method is that of disarmament, by depriving nations of their weapons so that they will be physically unable to fight. This is the theory behind the Disarmament Conference, the reduction of standing armies and the various other restrictive enactments against the use of obnoxious weapons. It is an old idea. In the middle-ages, for example, the cross-bow was once condemned by the Church as inhumane.

The second method is by limiting or destroying the legal authority of a nation to make war. It is based upon the theory of arbitration—of the appeal to law rather than to the sword. Institutions such as the Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations, and the World Court exemplify the idea of inducing sovereign states to surrender voluntarily part of their authority to declare war. This is the only sense in which the

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expression "outlawing war" should be used, although many people confuse this idea with that of disarmament. Really, both are distinct and separate. A nation may be armed to the teeth and yet, for ethical or legal reasons, may refuse to fight. Conversely, another nation may hate its neighbor with venomous and unscrupulous intensity, and yet may not provoke a fight solely because it lacks the essential military or naval panoply.

In analyzing the two methods, namely—disarmament and the promulgation of a superior rule of peace—there are certain considerations based upon nature and experience, certain "danger signals," as it were, which should neither be forgotten nor ignored.

Disarmament is a beautiful idea, but can it ever be accomplished? Efforts along this line have never been put forth in a whole-hearted way. The question must remain one of conjecture and experiment. There is not the slightest reason to believe that any of the nations of the continent would even consider a drastic cut in their military plans, except as an element of defeat; or that the great sea powers, America, Britain or Japan, would be willing to cut down their navies more than they have already done. The Disarmament Conference did much good in regard to naval rivalry, but it still leaves a mighty host of battleships for each of the three countries.

If appearances count for anything, mankind is even more reluctant to disarm than before the world war. In Germany, forced to her knees, there is a frank talk of hitting back some day. France is resolved that that day shall never come. The various new little countries, with their queer names and exaggerated notions of dignity and independence, continue to argue and wrangle among themselves. While across the whole world rests the menacing shadow of Russian Communism and the roused national consciousness of Asia. The world does not desire peace at the cost of giving up its weapons. Disarmament's time may come, but it is not here. Man still feels the sting of the late war. Distrust and hatred have not been driven from his heart. Until that happens, until there is the "spiritual" disarmament of which President Harding dreamed, mere physical disarmament will remain unwelcome.

There is a greater chance for speculation and greater hope for success in the attempt to bring peace by arbitration, than in the attempt to bring peace by disarmament. To a certain extent, arbitration has been tried and has worked successfully. But only to a certain extent. No international tribunal has as yet been called upon to settle a serious question of peace or war between two great nations. The dispute between Italy and Greece showed how apparently futile was the League of Nations in a question between a strong nation and a weak one.

Here, as in the case of disarmament, the great bar to success is national might and insolence. The strong nation, if the international tribunal does not satisfy it, is only too ready to settle the dispute in its own way and with its own strength. There is only one thing that would restrain such a nation and inspire it with respect. That is a state stronger than itself, a super-state, if one must call it so, which is able legally and physically, if necessary, to make decrees and compel the recalcitrant nation to obey them. Rome, in the imperial days, was such a super-state, as far as the rest of the civilized world was concerned. In the days of faith, the Catholic Church gave a spiritual law which even the proudest despot hesitated to violate. But today, the same forces which prevent effectual disarmament prevent the existence of any organization which would be recognized by the strong powers as superior to themselves.

In this connection, it is idle to expect that nations can be held to the path of righteousness by respect for public opinion. During the world war, the various fighting countries made every effort to spread the justification of their own actions. They were remarkably successful—no matter upon which side they stood. Under modern conditions of propaganda, a powerful nation need not fear public opinion because it can manufacture public opinion. Any country, with a well-organized corps of press-agents, can convince the rest of the world that it is right; or if this be impossible, can at least befog the issue. Nations are no better than the men through whom they act, and it is no more logical to expect public opinion to keep a nation from international crime, than it is to expect public opinion to keep a man from domestic crime.

There is much weight to the objection that a super-state would impair the present sovereignty of the nations. But one cannot have one's cake and eat it too. If war is really to be made illegal, to be outlawed, the existence of some form of a super-state is connoted. If nations are to continue in their complete independence, there can never be any substantial outlawry of war. The right of declaring war is, in fact, one of the tests of international sovereignty. Every person is entitled to his or her preference. But the outlawry of war and complete national independence are essentially contradictory and cannot be hidden by new names or indefinite verbiage.

The only conclusion which seems to follow from the present state of the world is that mankind is not yet ready for universal peace. Even if the yellow, black and brown races are not considered, the existing relations between the nations of Europe are most inauspicious.

Envy and jealousy, dishonesty and corruption, hatred and revenge, will keep open the doors of the temple of Janus for a long time to come. Before any plan for peace, whether it be through disarmament or through arbitration, can hope for serious respect, mankind must acquire a new and greater reverence for the Sermon on the Mount.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE German reply to Allied proposals concerning the Security Pact is the most brilliant diplomatic achievement in the recent chronicles of Berlin. Its concessions are so definite and so conciliatory upon their face that, were they spurned, the odium for keeping up the European armed encampment would settle upon the French. Nevertheless, its real aim is to restore, at one stroke, Germany's position as a free and equal continental power. Dr. Stresemann suggests nothing less than that the Security Pact should push the Versailles treaty into the background —it must be, he maintains, a new agreement in accordance with which supervision of the Reich by the Allies will become a question of details subject to discussion by neutral arbitrative conferences. In exchange for restored political independence, the Germans are willing to erect a barrier against their own possible military ambitions on the West frontier. But they are less definite about their attitude towards the East. Although agreeing not to force a boundary settlement upon Poland, they do virtually aim to isolate the hostile nations clustered round about them. "Apparently," says the New York Times, grimly, "they trust to Russia to settle Poland's hash." Naturally enough, this is the point to which the French government will pay most attention in the course of the parleys now about to begin, and it is doubtful if a settlement can be expected in the near future.

DR. STRESEMANN'S attitude towards the League of Nations—Germany's entry into which has been stipulated by the Allies—is sane and legitimate. "The danger remains that Germany, as a strongly disarmed country surrounded by strongly armed neighbors, would . . . be exposed without limitation to the danger of being involved in the armed conflicts of these countries," is the comment on Article XVI. That is precisely the same stand as our own. The Reich as a neighbor, and the United States as a distant power, cannot afford to run the risk of being held to the letter of the covenant. But if Germany wins her point here, she will enter the League on her own terms and as a free power entitled to equality with her victors. We cannot expect that France will be immediately amenable to this new order of things—she will wish to keep her eyes on German drill-fields visible from the bastions of the Rhine; she will not surrender all the fruitful bargains of Versailles; and above all, she will not desert Poland. But the desire for peace is so general, and the advantages offered by the agreement are so genuine, that there is little reason for doubting the ultimate adoption, in one shape or another, of the Security Pact.

THE threat of a general strike in the bituminous coal-fields of West Virginia exposes the nation to another dangerous and costly fuel famine. Such a situation demonstrates that the coal industry has learned nothing from past experience. The officials who sit listening to the gurgle of the waves against the Atlantic City beaches ignore the vital relationships between mining and the public welfare. Three years ago, a federal commission made an exhaustive enquiry into the situation and prepared a formidable document bearing on all aspects of coal—mining, marketing, shipping. Though this document has never been published, the very fact that it exists should convince those concerned of certain basic social assumptions which these United States take for granted. We need coal, and we simply will not struggle on without it for any long period of time. Mr. Lewis may have been expressing a point of view very natural to labor when he said of arbitration that "members of the United Mine Workers will not consent to submit questions which affect their intimate personal affairs," but he probably realizes well enough that national resentment and necessity may impose arbitration. If Mr. Warriner is mistaken when he declares that wage-increases cannot be granted because the average producers are "not making any money," the public has a right to be entrusted with the facts. We trust that President Coolidge will act upon his threat and publish the commission's report. Its publication will, at least, prepare the average citizen for an eventuality that might require the imposition of a just decision by the government.

THE Celtic Congress, which has just closed in Dublin, is an event which comes home to all invested with imagination. For the first time in recorded his-

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tory Bretons, Welshmen, Scotch Highlanders, Manxmen even, have been brought together in a great racial home-coming to felicitate their Irish blood-brethren upon the autonomy which has crowned centuries of struggle and martyrdom. When Celt met Celt, we hope the congratulations they exchanged were not too chastened in tone. It is true they are a poor and scattered race, living under many flags, separated in religious belief. Their failure to achieve nationhood on the major scale has been imputed to them for blame by historians of the positive school, such as Froude and Lecky. But those who are witnessing the impending bankruptcy of all the Celt missed, may well doubt whether the destiny that drove him to the fringes of the Atlantic seaboard was the harsh stepmother she is made to appear. In any case, his poverty and dispersion have proved a blessing to the world at large. His very detachment from prosperity has forced him to a concern with the things of the spirit. His misfortune and ill-success have almost compelled him to find in religion and imagination his solace for the unfriendliness of fate, and sent him forth into the world a missionary of his stubborn faith in the unseen and its compensations. The strange inability of the Celt to be satisfied with anything short of the absolute, of which Renan tells us in his own magic words, is partly a matter of temperament, but also partly a result of his history. He has been absented from felicity too long for what the world offers as positive good to appeal to him. He has drunk too deeply from the chalice of the Grail for the world's wine to taste over-sweet on his lips.

RUBBING its hands contentedly over the prospect of what it imagines are the arid wastes of these United States, the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, ensconced in its Washington headquarters, has just loosed a broadside of wit at the expense of the intelligentsia. "These people," it was asserted, "may be intelligentsia, but it is strange that they do not even know when the time has arrived for a haircut." The observation is remarkably realistic for so visionary a group as the board; and one wishes that it might be a symptom of awakening intelligence. Much of what these people want—the curtailing of erotic literature and the improvement of the theatre—is eminently desirable. There is even some reason for supposing that the Methodist attitude towards brutal prize-fighting and similar sports, is essentially sane. But when it comes to a discussion of methods, the board and its associates are about as discerning as the Headless Horseman. They never condescend to make a reasoned analysis of the situation, or of the remedial measures that might be introduced. Action for them spells a tincture of federal legislation, guaranteed to foment rebellion, to waste the public funds, and to develop a system of underground subterfuge. The average American is not interested in the intelligentsia; but he is interested in hoping that there will be no identification of Pilgrim's Progress and the Congressional Record. Methodist boards have done more to corrode morals in the United States than two dozen agencies of perdition. They have substituted the ugly word "reform" for the noble word "betterment." Their dissolution is the first plank in the platform of those who should like to do some honest work for the improvement of American civilization.

THE gift made by the town of Hastings, England, to Quebec, of the French royal escutcheon, removed from the city gate by the British forces after its fall in 1759, is a particularly graceful and timely act. While it cannot be described as an international courtesy, it does afford new testimony to the part played by men of French blood in building up Canada, and a frank recognition that loyalty to their historical beginnings of the 3,000,000 French-speaking Canadians who have kept race and religion intact for over a century and a half under alien rule, in no wise conflicts with their loyalty to the empire under whose flag destiny placed them 166 years ago. There is some quality inherent in the story of the fall of Quebec which places it outside of the common category of victories and defeats. The unique monument erected on the battlefield under its walls, covering Wolfe and Montcalm in a common glory, testifies to this feeling on the part of the conqueror. The survival of a great and prosperous French nation on the very territory where their empire in America went to pieces, is one of the miracles of history. Catholics familiar with the early history of Canada, remembering that the cross was set up in Quebec and Montreal even before the crown, will give its share in this successful struggle to the promise made to those who "seek first the Kingdom of God."

THE history of the famous old escutcheon and the circumstances under which it found its way to the town of Hastings, which is a big seaside resort that has grown up in comparatively recent days around an ancient fishing port, should make interesting reading. Scattered over England, in local museums and even in private collections, there must be many such historical relics, and some of them, at least, of interest to this country. One such relic almost certainly existed twenty-five or thirty years ago, in the shape of a big barn on the east coast which tradition asserted had been built out of the timbers of the captured Chesapeake. A newspaper feature story on the picturesque legend, published in England, attracted considerable attention at the time without any steps being taken, as far as one remembers, to verify the legend, or to take steps for rescuing the fabric of the historic frigate.

FROM time to time we have alluded to the observations of the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, Eng-

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land, who seems to crave the distinction of shocking his co-religionists beyond even his other modernist colleagues. His last utterance seems to demand a note in passing. Bishop Barnes has been telling his congregation in no less a place than Westminster Abbey, that Christianity, "as it became Catholicized," whatever meaning he may attach to that muddled statement, "became contaminated by magic," so as to claim "by correctness of ritual action and words, to endue inanimate nature with a spiritual character" as a kind of corrupt following of "the pagan mysteries." That means that the Bishop has adopted the old and long-exploded idea that Saint Paul, a citizen of Tarsus, and doubtless acquainted with the mysteries of the Mithraic religion, introduced their ideas into Christianity and by his magnetic personality induced his brother apostles to believe that he, Paul, alone knew what Our Lord meant at the Last Supper—at which they, and not he, were present.

BISHOP BARNES acquires great importance in the eyes of some persons, because he is a Doctor of Science and a Fellow of the Royal Society—both considerable distinctions—but such persons do not know that his eminence lies in the region of the most carefully walled-off branch of science—namely, pure mathematics, which certainly does not give him the right to discourse like Sir Oracle on subjects like evolution—still less on comparative religion. Before he sets out to make statements like the above, he should at least study the works of Cumont or some other authority on the subject. Even those of his somewhat modernistic fellow-clergyman, Mr. Patterson, will help him to discover the truth, which is that no person with any germ of scholarship in him, would have been guilty of such absurd mistakes as his. Doubtless the discourse was intended to annoy his co-religionist—but that is scarcely an excuse for inaccuracy.

THERE has recently passed away at the age of eighty-one, Sir William F. Barrett, F. R. S., a man of considerable distinction in the subject of physics. He was deserving of notice less on that account, perhaps, than on that of his early relations with the subject of psychical research. Barrett, who held but one professorship during his lifetime, the chair of physics at the Royal College of Science in Dublin, was one of the small band, amongst whom were numbered Sir Oliver Lodge and Earl Balfour, who founded the Society for Psychical Research in London. It was through Barrett's efforts and influence with men of science in the United States, that a similar society was established on this side of the Atlantic.

BARRETT'S book, On the Threshold of the Unseen, is by far the sanest work which has appeared on what may be called the affirmative side of the question, but his opinions were much more restricted than those of many of his fellow-workers. While affirming the fact (he believed it to be such) that there were manifestations which cannot be accounted for by any known physical theory, he stoutly maintained that the evidence pointed merely to the fact of the existence of discarnate beings, existing, as he used to put it, "in the ether;" but that there was no evidence that such beings had ever been incarnate. In other words, no evidence that the souls of men are immortal was to be gained from spiritistic phenomena. Moreover he was fond of emphasizing the view of Henry More, some centuries old, that there are as many fools in the spirit world as there are in this.

"DOWSING," or water-finding, was another matter to which Barrett directed his attention, and he published the most complete monographs in existence on that subject. He was firmly convinced that the "dowsers" did discover water where other observers had failed, and attributed the fact to some internal faculty of unknown nature. The movements of the stick in the hand were, in his opinion, no more than the movements of the hands of a watch—an index to what was going on inside. He used often to point out to friends the well near his charming house under Sugarloaf Hill, in the County Wicklow, which had been discovered for him by a dowser, when others had declared that no water was available in that district, and which certainly afforded a copious supply of the very best quality. Barrett endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by his absolute honesty and kindness of heart.

DAYTON AND GREAT BRITAIN

MR. JOHN WASHINGTON BUTLER, the author of the Tennessee anti-evolution legislation has, it appears from the public press, admitted that when he introduced his measure, he knew nothing about evolution, and after hearing what has so far been said, he further added—"It seems to me there was some sense in what the defense was arguing, that they had a right to show that the theory of evolution didn't conflict with the Bible. I'd like to have heard the evidence. It would have been right smart of an education to hear those fellows who have studied the subject."

There is a point of great importance in this remark to which we shall shortly recur. Meantime, we desire to call attention to the interest which has been awakened in this case across the Atlantic, an interest which must surprise and perhaps delight Mr. Butler, who can have had no sort of idea of the reverberations which would be produced by his legislative labors. There has been the "one word of warm encouragement" sent across the ocean to Mr. Scopes by the son of Charles Darwin, Major Leonard Darwin, the president of the Eugenics Education Society; but

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far more significant is the issue by Nature, the chief scientific journal in England, of a special supplement —a very unusual compliment. It consists largely of letters from various persons of more or less distinction, and is prefaced by one from this side of the ocean from the pen of Dr. Adams Brown, Roosevelt professor of systematic theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, the object of which is to explain to European opinion how it is that things in the United States of America are as they are. Dr. Brown refers, first of all, to the great diversities of populations, an undoubted fact, but perhaps a little off the point. He tells his readers of "the tendency of Americans to standardize their thinking," which he thinks is due to the comparative lack of any national tradition. He traces the whole movement back to the Briggs heresy trial in the last decade of the last century, and considers that "the controversy would not have reached its present acute stage if there had not been on the fundamentalist side a systematic popular campaign, amply financed, which has carried the cry of the Gospel in danger into every section of the country."

But they are not to be allowed to have it all their own way, for "only recently have the advocates of a reasonable Christianity realized the danger which confronted them, and organized for a similar campaign of education on the other side." From which it would seem that we may look forward in the near future to that kind of "liveliness" which we used to read about in the war reports.

The English writers may be divided into scientists and divines, the latter ranging from the ever bumptious Bishop Barnes, who lays down the law with his usual arrogance, through three Wesleyans, a Presbyterian and a Congregationalist, to the one Catholic admitted to the symposium—Father A. F. Day, S.J. Father Day, while admitting that he is no expert on the subject of evolution, "does not regard it, in any moderate form, as necessarily conflicting with the revealed account of creation." In this conlusion he is at one with the other clerics included in the supplement, who one and all express their regret and astonishment at the legislation which has led up to the present position. Among the scientists, Sir Oliver Lodge gets in a shrewd stab at his scientific brethren when he hints that, while eager to denounce boycotting when evolution is the cry, they have been none the less covertly anxious to boycott Crookes and himself and others, when investigating spiritistic phenomena. Apart from this side-issue, we have Sir Ray Lankester, who clearly sees that the whole point in the case is as to whether Mr. Scopes did or did not break a certain law, and says of the defendant—"He is no martyr. He is simply a very ordinary case of the very ordinary failure of an employee, who will not carry out the terms of his employment and is dismissed accordingly. He is under no compulsion. He can teach according to contract, or he can go elsewhere. He prefers to go." Others of the writers, on the contrary, eager to hark back to the Galileo episode seem to envisage Mr. Scopes with Mr. Bryan as the chief inquisitor in a modern parallel.

There is just one point however, which must not pass unnoticed. It is met with in more than one letter, but we may select the observations of Sir Arthur Keith as its clearest and most ignorant exposition.

"In every sentence of his lecture," says this writer, "a professional anatomist, who is compelled to base his teaching on the first chapter of Genesis, must sin against the truth which is in him. If the teaching of evolution is proscribed, then the study of the development of the human body must be forbidden by law, for in its development the human body proclaims that evolution is true." And so on, and so forth—pure rhetoric and very poor rhetoric, too.

The whole point is in regard to that "first chapter of Genesis." Sir Arthur is a Scotchman and hails, we believe from that granite city of Aberdeen where it is scarcely possible for anyone to fall out of an airplane without impinging himself on the point of the spire of some brand of Presbyterian church. Until recently, in everyone of these it was taught that "every word between the two covers" was to be believed in its English dress, and in its most literal significance, and possibly in his youth Sir Arthur was brought up in some such distorted belief. In this case there is much excuse to be made for him. But there is no excuse for making statements of this sort without first taking the trouble to ascertain what serious and sound exegesis has to say respecting that same first chapter of Genesis. If he takes the trouble to read through the supplement in which his remarks appear, he will see that it does not trouble Father Day in his attitude towards evolution.

In the pages of this journal, there was recently uttered a cry for a Newman to awaken the attention of the inhabitants of this continent to the real position and attitude of the Catholic Church, and in no aspect is it more necessary than in connection with this very matter. Because the Protestant idea of the Bible was thoroughly indurated, it is not necessary to believe, nor would it be true to believe, that the Catholic idea was the same. Mr. Butler is quite right—we have a right to show that a reasonable theory of evolution is innocuous from our point of view, and we can show it to any who will listen to our exposition. Prejudice dies hard, but it is not too much to expect the open-minded Protestant to turn to the next page, even though he finds himself confronted with what he has been taught to believe is a Catholic and ex parte exposition of evolution. Out of this hubbub may come good, for surely the point must be caught at least by some, that amidst the futilities and self-contradictions of the so-called "reasonable Christianities," there is one organization which has a clear-

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cut, logical, and in the true sense of the word "reasonable," account to render of itself. When that point is caught, the rest cannot long delay. Meantime it behooves Catholics in their individual capacities, each and all, to acquire such acquaintance with these topics as will enable them to reply to the questions on this very point which must be pouring upon countless hundreds of them in clubs, in Pullman smoking-cars, and wherever men come together in familiar congress.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WRITING from Dayton a few days before the sudden death of Mr. Bryan, I felt, as so many others did, the sense of something ominous overbrooding all the fantasticalities of the scene—like the shadow of a cyclone falling upon a country fair. So I wrote that something not of this world had descended upon the remote Tennessee valley which had so strangely become the arena of a world debate. Some quality deeper and graver, and more disturbing than all the things of ordinary life, pervaded everything said or done at Dayton. Mr. Forrest Davis, writing in the New York Herald-Tribune, recorded this spiritual over-tone most memorably. Describing Mr. Bryan preaching on a hill-top to a congregation of mountaineers, standing under a flickering oil lamp, his great head held high and his trumpet voice pealing forth, while distant lightning flashes streaked the pitch-black sky, Mr. Davis said that Mr. Bryan "appeared the embodiment of an ancient Hebrew prophet, condemning the false gods of his people . . . The rumble of the departing storm—the intermittent undertone of thunder—seemed a faint reminder of the puissance of the God the speaker was invoking."

I talked with Mr. Bryan in Dayton. I listened to him in court and courtyard. I was with the reporters interviewing him. I watched him closely. I talked about him with scores of newspaper men and others who had known him a long time, and while in common with many others I was opposing what seemed to us his dangerous course, not for one moment did it occur to me, nor to the more thoughtful of Mr. Bryan's critics, to doubt the sincerity of his motive in this, his last great fight. Nor could I fail to believe in the depth and strength of his love for God and for the book of the revealed word of God. And, then, as I watched and moved among the simple, sincere, country folk to whom—again to quote Mr. Davis—he seemed as "an evangel of the Lord"—I understood, at least partially, the nature of his tremendous hold upon the hearts and minds of so many millions of American men and women. Between him and them there was a psychic, yes, a spiritual bond. Mr. Bryan was a predestined leader of the multitude—even if he only led them into deserts and never into the promised land of peace and plenty—and never was he more the leader than when his own soul was stirred both by love for the deepest things of all—God and country—and by fear that he and the people he loved were menaced. That they were gravely imperilled, they and their homes and their children and the whole nation of the western world, by the oncoming tide of immorality, and the gathering storms of doubt and denial of spiritual realities, was one of the firmest articles in Mr. Bryan's creed; and that same dread moves not only through the minds of the fundamentalists, but also through the more enlightened minds of many others who could not follow Mr. Bryan in his method of meeting the danger.

There are men and women whose souls are like magnets, irresistibly attracting the vague or inarticulate hopes and desires of great bodies of their fellow men and women, transforming this stream of mute appeal into positive expression. They speak, or act, and the multitudes recognize their own unformulated thoughts, see their vague ideals given form, and follow their spokesman thereafter through valleys of defeat, or on to victory. Mr. Bryan was such a man. Victory never crowned any one of his great campaigns, though he won scores of skirmish actions and many a hand-to-hand struggle with individual opponents. He was a clan chieftain, a faction leader; not a great commander unifying and directing varied forces. But he was a true man, if not a great one; and his own limited powers were magnified and made formidable through the force breathed into him by his faith in something infinitely greater than any man's power—the inspiration and the leading of Almighty God.

Wonder has been expressed that Mr. Bryan, who hated war and its glory, should have chosen the soldiers' graveyard at Arlington as his last (indeed his first) resting place. People say that he did so because from that hillside, covered with the graves of soldiers, the view of Washington—the city whose White House was the high symbol of his life's unfulfilled ambition—is so beautiful. Yet, even as in his leadership Mr. Bryan depended upon psychic, subconscious promptings, so, too, perhaps, in his desire to lie in Arlington there was the intuitive recognition of the fact that he also was a warrior.

His passing at the beginning of his holy war may, and probably will, spell defeat for the particular purpose of his political and oratorical campaign. But for him it was a great victory. He died for his faith. He gave his life that others might live freed from the dangers against which he fought. His death places the seal of that spiritual presence that hovered over Dayton upon the case that was tried there in the little courthouse. Tragedy has purged it. The farcical elements will remain now as little more than the jests of the clowns in a Shakespearean play, because William Jennings Bryan died nobly amid the last cracklings of the laughter of the groundlings, believing and knowing that he fought for God. May he rest in peace.

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SUMMING-UP AT DAYTON

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

STRICTLY speaking, there was no summing-up of the Scopes case. What the judge said to the jury was confined to that aspect of the trial which was, of course, the reason why there was a trial, and a judge and jury to try it—the fact that young Mr. Scopes had broken a law of the state of Tennessee. But that matter could have been disposed of in an hour. That matter was not what brought a hundred newspaper writers to Dayton and for some two weeks made it the centre of a tempest of world publicity. What the press wanted to hear was the summing-up by Mr. Darrow, for the defense; the summing-up by Mr. Bryan for the prosecution. Especially the latter. It was the talk of the town for weeks past that Mr. Bryan had been preparing his oratorical masterpiece, something that would outshine even his famous cross of gold effort which thirty years ago lifted him out of obscurity and made him thrice a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The masterpiece remains unborn. The tragic death of Mr. Bryan forever prevents his plan to speak it throughout the country from pulpits and platforms. Of course, it will be printed. Doubtless it will be widely read, and newspapers will quote bits of it; but lacking the sounding board of Dayton, coldly shaped forth by the printers and not passionately thundered out by the great orator speaking literally to millions by aid of the modern magic of the radio, Mr. Bryan's summing-up speech, so far as its bearing on the Scopes case is concerned, will be flat as champagne left over from a banquet board.

But it will have the pathetic appeal attached to the death-bed utterances of famous men. It will be Mr. Bryan's profession of faith, uttered from beyond the gates of death. It will play its part in the great debate to which the Scopes trial was the prelude; but it will come, not as a part of that case, but as the beginning of a new campaign in which Mr. Bryan will be potently engaged through his message and the influence of his personality.

In Dayton, when the trial closed, the weary reporters gathered to hear Mr. Bryan's last burning words about Mr. Darrow, and Mr. Darrow's acid rejoinder. They were courteous—the reporters—but rather listless. The "pep" and "punch" with which they so marvelously banged their typewriters and shaped their ideas through days and nights of sweltering heat, were ebbing. Their minds were on their homeward journeys, and not on the fag ends of the "story." Sensitive antennae of the far-flung web of publicity, they felt that the storm was over. Mr. Darrow would have had to bite Mr. Bryan in order to prove his simian ancestry (which, of course, being an agnostic, he does not claim) or Mr. Bryan would have had to stand out in the public square and invoke thunderbolts for the slaying of Mr. Darrow, before they could have been interested again. And, in the latter case, the thunderbolt would have had to obey Mr. Bryan before it would have been worth much more than a paragraph.

What effect the volubility of the press will have on the millions of its readers, is a curious problem in the psychology of democracy. The Scopes case was vastly overwritten. A great deal of the writing was merely foolishness. Some of the supposedly "funny stuff" was drivel. The "featuring" of irrelevant topics was done wildly and irresponsibly. That anyone, not out of his senses, read through the varied columns served up by most of the papers is hardly to be supposed. Some readers read the funny stuff, others the descriptive (and some remarkably good descriptive articles were turned out by the skilled writers on the job) and a few, no doubt, pondered the editorials.

What result this swollen mass of hasty reporting will have, dealing as it did with subjects that were tremendously important, no matter how much their importance may have been distorted or hidden by the incidental buffooneries and circus stunts of the case, would baffle Gustave le Bon or any other student of mass psychology to determine. The Scopes case was like a hall meant for a great debate on topics of the most serious import: religion, science, human liberty, man's soul and God—a hall in which clowns jostled the lecturers, and sometimes lectured themselves, while so many gargoyles had been stuck on the walls and ceilings that the assembled crowds could only stare, or guffaw, or shake their heads in bewilderment.

This journal stated before the trial began that the accompaniments of the case, in the way of publicity stunts, circus features, and the preliminary ballyhooing, were most likely to destroy whatever value it might otherwise possess as an agency to turn men's minds to the serious consideration of the relation between science and religion. The reality of what occurred at Dayton surpassed anticipations. The above opinion still seems a valid one.

I repeat—for the fact requires emphasis—that there has been no conclusion to the trial, as a trial, save in the one rather negligible fact that Mr. Scopes, the teacher who taught evolution, has been found guilty of the offense charged against him by the state of Tennessee. Appeal has been taken against the decision in the Supreme Court of the state. If the Supreme Court upholds the lower court, the case will go to the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the higher courts, will the vast issues of the case

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have the full hearing properly—or at least legally—denied to them by Judge Raulston in Dayton? Will the Civil Liberties Union, through its attorneys, be permitted to call their "experts"—professors of all the 'isms and the 'ologies—and will they be allowed to unloose their torrents of special pleading? On this point, opinions differ widely. There are those who say that in the higher courts, as in the Dayton circuit court, the issue will be kept to the one point dealt with in Dayton—namely, the specific point of the guilt or innocence of the defendant. Others say that the constitutionality of the Tennessee anti-evolution law can and will be tested in the further process set going. There are, again, others who declare that the state of Tennessee will throw up the sponge by abandoning its case. This, if done, would apparently nullify the anti-evolution law in Tennessee, for it could hardly once again be reënacted, say these wiseacres, because the enlightened leadership of the state will take good care that the legislature shall not for a second time make Tennessee the storm centre of the anti-evolution war.

There remain still other observers of the case, however, who say that no matter what action is taken among the possible ones outlined above, the supreme issue of the Dayton case had but barely been glimpsed during the somewhat farcical proceedings marking this fantastic trial. This issue they see as more vitally important by far than the rather trite and factitious issues raised by Darrow, in a somewhat mid-Victorian style about which clung the acrid dust of the justly forgotten pages of Draper and White—the science vs. religion, and the conflict between freedom of thought and dogmatism, out-moded now, but which was in the air when both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Darrow were very young men.

The real issue was so simple that eleven words could express it—namely: Are church and state to remain separate in the United States? Perhaps that was why it was so seldom discussed by the prolix counsel representing the supposedly embattled forces of freedom. Most of them required thousands of words with which to say that two and two are four. They were orating about fundamentalism and modernism, and about Galileo and Copernicus, or Darwin and monkeys, when the great names that really mattered, and the fundamentalism that was really concerned, were the names of the Fathers of the Constitution and their fundamental principle that no religious body, whether a majority or a minority, could or should write their religious tenets into the law of this republic.

There were a few newspapers that discussed this real issue, and at Dayton the minds of those concerned in the trial were veering toward its full consideration before the trial blew up as if it were a giant motor truck thundering along until all its tires burst with a "wow!" of hot air. Had the trial proceeded, however, this real issue would have received attention from both sides. The learned, if somewhat tedious, professors of the 'isms and 'ologies would have had to take a back seat. The summing-up speeches, in that case, would have been a real summing-up of the real issue of the Scopes case.

Even so, the verdict, no matter what, would not have disposed of the matter. There will be other laws similar in essence to the Tennessee anti-evolution law, the intent of these laws being to give what is called fundamentalist Protestantism a favored and predominant position—protected, fostered, backed by the state. The verdict to be given as to whether the American people will, or will not, tolerate or permit this to come about, cannot be given for a long time yet. But that they will be asked—rather, compelled by the pressure of events—to render such a verdict, can scarcely be doubted by any competent observer of the doings at Dayton. That this issue is supremely a political one, is obvious.

There remains still another issue, which not only was not summed up at Dayton, but also could not be summed up by any judge, or any counsel, any more than it could be settled by the verdict of any jury. This is the issue which John Henry Newman had in mind, when in his Apologia he summed up the events and conclusions of his own religious struggle—the issue that comes when each man must face the ultimate realities of self and God.

Despite the crudities—many startling, some most deplorable, others socially dangerous—of the late Mr. Bryan and the fundamentalists, they have shouted, raucously it may be, yet in a way that compels attention, a question which each and every soul must face, as Newman faced it—even if not to the same answering act of faith.

That question is—"What think you of God?"

A score of collateral questions surround or trail after the central one. Is man a mere accident in an accidental universe? Is he a mere chemical cell in a vast agglomeration of chemical cells? Is he an atom of force whirling amid an endless interweaving of blind, undirected forces? Has he no future even save nothingness and oblivion? Has he no real will, no true individuality, no true responsibility, no eternal future? Or is he the child of a Father whose life is love and who sent Christ to tell man so, and to prove it?

Each soul must answer these questions, or ignore them. Upon the way in which the question is answered by individuals depends not merely the fate of this nation, but the fate of the world. The trial at Dayton will increase the pressure of the great question upon the souls of men and women. That fact sums up its chief value. Catholics, inspired by faith, hope, and charity, and following the guidance of the Church established by Christ to last till the end of the world, may rest content that the ultimate answer will be—"God is, and He is found by those who seek Him."

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O'CONNELL, THE IRISH COLOSSUS

By EDYTHE H. BROWNE

COME to the hill of Tara. Watch the huge snake of 1,400 vehicles crawl along the narrow road leading from Dublin to the hill. Look at the white specks dotting the valley—the uplifted hands of priests saying Mass at improvised altars so that the people spent by early hours of slow traveling may be spiritually refreshed. See the thousands of upturned faces—dimpled colleens and crumbling old women, bonny lads and bronzed men of tough bone and muscle, children clean and dirty, from manor house and shack. Listen to the roar like swelling thunder as word flies that "he" is coming. A path is cleared. The throng holds its breath. There, mighty on the height of Tara, stands Daniel O'Connell, the Irish colossus, the giant of Catholic emancipation, astride the ruffled waters of Irish freedom. Tara, seat of the ancient Irish kings, lends its velvet and ermine to "King Dan," for this sovereign holds the great, gashed heart of Ireland in the palm of his hand and listens to it beat in loving loyalty.

O'Connell speaks. He is colossal in ideas, in expression, in voice. It is because of this triple-plated power, this ability to discover the tremendous, fundamental idea back of every movement for reform, and then to nourish it at the breast of the Irish people by eloquence that gave words new meanings, and by voice grading from a musical whisper to the "sonorous swell" that the poet, Bulwer Lytton, heard on Tara—that thousands close around the speaker. It is our endeavor to show O'Connell in his might, by dwelling on his expansive ideas, his eloquence that gave those ideas a tongue, and his famous voice that silvered the tongue.

An ideal ruled O'Connell's heart—liberty. His ancestors were soldiers used to fighting under proscribed banners. An O'Connell fought at the head of a regiment for James II—an uncle was the last colonel of the old "Irish Brigade" in French service. The great emancipator loved liberty, if only as an abstraction. He says—"Liberty in my bosom is less a principle than a passion." The Manual of Liberty containing extracts from Godwin, Voltaire, Bacon, and Swift was his bed companion. But when liberty donned an emerald robe and bravely smiled with a tear in her eyes, she no longer meant only a vague conception to O'Connell, but a pivoting symbol rotating with his plans of reform. Therefore his stupendous idea of associating the Irish Catholic people with the priesthood to form a union against conditions in Ireland was not the pet mania of a heated reformer, but a plan sown deep in the conviction that human freedom was a country's birthright and that Ireland was entitled to that right. His ideas of reform were not experimental. Every new idea was born in the nest of some first principle or law. He pleaded that Mother Machree in her tumbledown shack be allowed to say her rosary in peace without English eyes spying; he based his plea on the unwritten law and first principle that God is no one's particular property.

Agitation without bloodshed was another of O'Connell's "ideas" retreating to fundamentals. In his speeches he insists that "the best political revolution is not worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood," and that "the altar of liberty totters when it is cemented only with blood." The crimson guillotine of the French Revolution haunted him. While he was the uncrowned and absolute king of Ireland not a drop of blood stained the purity of Erin's waters. The monster meetings were free even from debauchery and disorder. The people held O'Connell in reverence and conducted themselves with church decorum. At a Clare election one Sheedy MacNamara, insulted by the opposing party, mildly replied—"I'll promise you the price of my little pig if you'll repeat them same words to me the day after the election."

The "idea" was the motor behind O'Connell's moving eloquence. It has been said—"he threw out a brood of sturdy young ideas upon the world without a rag to cover them."

O'Connell's eloquence was a grand shuffle of words. Every emotion he wished to excite, every sentiment he sought to create, had its private vintage of apt words. He was like a telephone operator at the switchboard of his audience, pulling at word-plugs to get a response. In just anger he scalded Peel with a shower of invectives. In persuasion before the House of Commons he coaxed attention in silken words, words that eased rather than provoked. In pathos before the meeting at Mullaghmast he drew tears by the pitying words that had a lamenting echo for the woes of Ireland. Whether under the ceiling of house or heaven, O'Connell's vocabulary was inclusive enough to weave sarcasm, flattery, derision, mockery and defiance into a lash with a sting of Irish wit at its tip. Lecky characterizes this elastic vocabulary as O'Connell's "mob style." Often criticized for resorting to coarse words when addressing the Irish peasantry, O'Connell retorted that Catholics crouched so low in the dust of oppression they needed athletic language to gird them to action.

This Irish counselor was extremely mindful of his style. In his diary he chides himself continually "for not having sentences flow into one another." His

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fashion of speech was an odd mixture of simplicity and subtlety, appealing to the illiterate millions and baffling the master minds in Parliament. He was a phrase mechanic. This famous sentence hurled at the Whigs is historic—"You have brains of lead, hearts of stone and fangs of iron." He declared that Peel's smile was "like the silver plate on a coffin." He once described a certain corporation as having "neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked." O'Connell's speech at the trial of John Magee, in 1813, was conceded by the opposing parties to be "the most powerful forensic achievement since Demosthenes." His style did not borrow glory, aspiring to the terseness of Grattan, the rhetoric of Curran or the satire of Plunkett. It was distinctly individual, typical Daniel O'Connell eloquence that made him one of the world's greatest orators. As an attorney he had the annoying knack of twitching the full-bottomed wig of the Lord Chief Justice with flippant yet salty remarks that not only disconcerted His Lordship but tangled the carefully prepared argument of the opposing attorney.

When one looks at the tomb of Daniel O'Connell in beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery, in Dublin, one is resigned at death's destruction of the powerful mind in the powerful body; but it is hard to believe that O'Connell's resonant voice, that robust organ that seemed to combine the strength of a hundred throats, could ever be silenced—even in the grave. At the monster meetings at Tara and Mullaghmast he lassoed the attention of those on the far distant edge of the huge crowd with his slinging voice. He was a star ventriloquist. Not only was his voice loud, but every word was so distinct that when he made a speech from the balcony of his home in Merrion Square it was heard in his doctor's office on the far side of the Square. This "Mirabeau of the open spaces" must have suffered at times from hoarseness, speaking habitually as he did to the multitudes in the open air from the top of some hill; or from church steps, as when he denounced the Catholic Relief Bill from the porch of the Chapel of the Friars in Clarendon Street, Dublin. In choosing the sky for a sounding-board, O'Connell introduced a new note in oratory. Important speeches such as his had hitherto been limited to courts and Parliament.

O'Connell once remarked that William Pitt had inspired him. "It was from him," he says, "that I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences." O'Connell had a very expressive mouth. Every syllable came from lips shaped to the sound. The "ings" parted them into something of a smile; the "o's" pursed them as if to whistle; the "eds" drew down the corners of the mouth in resolute force. Perhaps it was this coördination between mouth and syllable that poised his voice for such long flight.

O'Connell's voice had colorful texture as well as volume. Now it was stridently grey, as he accused England of fawning treachery; now it was velvety blue, as he spoke of Ireland domestically tranquil once more, "when the hum of the shuttle and the tinkling of the smithy shall be heard again;" now it was vehemently purple, as he defied the union. Upon occasion that same voice was as musical and caressing as that of an ardent lover wooing his lady. It sounded "as if it came through honey." This dulcet tone must have accounted for the composure of a crowd when the platform on which O'Connell was speaking threatened to collapse. At his word, all marched off safely.

On August 6, Irishmen the world over will celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell. Although he is Ireland's own forensic glory, every nation will honor him as one of the greatest orators of all time. Peel, O'Connell's supreme enemy, said he "would barter all the best of the English bar for the Irish O'Connell." Thus does true greatness invite reluctant tribute from alien quarters. Choate was metaphorical, Webster was majestic, Everett was Grecian polish, Gladstone was weighty—Daniel O'Connell was a compound of these with an Irish soul thrown in for very good measure.

Nepenthe

Oh! happy sunbrowned arms that yesteryear
My weakness aided, beckon me no more
From swathe and furrow where I strove before
Shorn of my strength, your stubborn glebe to shear.
Go! tell your wheat hangs heaviest on the ear
It ripens but for mill and threshing-floor,
And with the clatter of your oven door
Affright the tares before the harvester.

Night nestles softest next the gall of day,
And hope lies wakeful when despair's asleep.
Oh! gather in the harvest you that may,
But pluck me, first, mid corn that others reap.
Dark poppies whence a wasted hand may wring
Balm that can make even death a little thing.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Out of Italy

The pigeons flutter white against St. Mark's,
Peasants in bright shawls pass the golden dome;
Beyond the huddled shops the moon embarks,
Another pilgrim on the road to Rome.
Women with red lips loiter with their men;
Up the Piazza Tosca flings a rose;
Under the Bridge of Sighs the tide again
Comes like a whispering ghost, and whispering goes.

Here by the Doge's Palace tales are told,
How once the dagger and the mask appeared,
And the swift vengeance fell, and blood ran cold,
And crafty Shylock muttered in his beard . . .
Always the water eats a crumbling stair,
And Venice laughs her crazy laughter there.

HAROLD VINAL.

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LADIES, MAKE GOOD!

By DON C. SEITZ

WHEN the cause of suffrage took a firm start in 1872, the brilliant woman who chose to call herself "Gail Hamilton," writing in opposition, said—"To conduct this great nation, with its varied interests, its clashing nationalities, its numerous sub-governments, its wide-stretching territories—to bear it on from day to day without bankruptcy, without infringing upon other nations, without falling a prey to the conflicting claims of its own members—this is no sinecure . . . Hitherto man has done this work alone. We must give him the credit of never having asked woman to share it with him. If he has claimed its honors, he has at least borne its burdens. If he has never suffered woman to rule, he has never asked her to serve. He has repeatedly blundered into war, but he has fought it out himself."

Self-invited, therefore, into the arena of politics, to what extent is woman undertaking her share? As the election returns do not give us the proportions by sexes, we can only go by surmise in making calculations derived from their study. One thing we do know. This is, that where formerly 85 percent of the electorate went to the polls since complete suffrage came into being, it now hovers around one-half of the eligible total. Taking the election of 1916 as a starter, in which it can be fairly stated that all parties exerted themselves to the utmost in getting out the vote, a total of 18,502,685 ballots were cast. In 1920, when nation-wide suffrage first came into vogue, the total reached but 26,786,756—at least 10,000,000 below what might have reasonably been expected. Where were the ladies?

Coming now to 1924, when the contest was three-cornered, though not exciting, we find the total rose to 29,052,491—a gain of something less than 3,000,000 over the previous election. At this time we reckon there are 50,000,000 persons fit for the franchise in the United States. Why don't the missing 21,000,000 go to the polls? The question is unanswerable.

There remains, however, a side question of importance bearing upon this. What party has benefited most by suffrage? Unquestionably the Republican. The figures cannot lie, nor can liars figure it otherwise. The Democratic vote in 1916 was 9,129,269; the Republican, 8,547,328. Only a little more than 800,000 were cast otherwise. Yet in 1920, with the first essay of suffrage, the Republican vote rose to 16,152,200. The Democrats lost but little—9,147,353 being their count. The result, however, was hailed as a great Democratic overturn. It looks more like a fall-down. In 1924 the La Follette split drew heavily upon the labor element in the Democratic party—yet 8,617,454 remained true—a loss of but 529,899 from 1920. The Republican total was 15,748,356, a drop of 403,844. La Follette's total was 4,686,681—the combined loss of the two old parties but 932,743. Again, where were the ladies?

In 1920 the Republican lead over all was 7,264,787; in 1924 it was but 2,444,221—some shrinkage! Yet the party loss was slight, as was that of the Democrats. With a lead of less than 10 percent, the Republican position is therefore far from strong, with much international friction to add to the danger "next time."

Reverting to the suffrage side of the situation, it must be apparent that the swollen Republican vote was largely feminine—and that La Follette also drew many votes from that source. It is further certain that women of Democratic families are not following their husbands and brothers to the polls.

It is not difficult to explain the diffidence of the Democratic women. Many are wives of workingmen who have been subordinated all their lives. It will take a new generation to bring them out in full strength. The Republican women, being mainly middle-class and country dwellers, come more readily to the fore. For illustration, take the state of Maine. In 1916, Hughes, Republican, received 69,506 votes. Wilson, Democrat, 64,118. In 1920 Harding's total was 136,355; Cox's 58,961. Thus the Democratic loss in the tidal wave was but 5,157; while its Republican vote jumped 67,849—almost double the anti-suffrage period. In Connecticut, where the vote is less rural perhaps than in Maine, and where the cities as a rule are Democratic, Hughes received 106,514 votes in 1916; Wilson, 99,786. In 1920, the Republican total was 229,238; the Democratic 120,721. Thus the Republican vote increased 122,724, or more than 100 percent, while that of the Democrats gained 20,935, or but 20 percent.

The Republican vote of Maine in 1924 actually increased over that of 1920, reaching 138,440. The Democratic total was but 41,964—a loss of 16,997 over 1920. La Follette had 11,382 followers. Thus the total vote was well behind 1920. Again, where were the ladies? Mostly in the Republican camp!

Connecticut increased its Republican vote in 1924 to 246,322. The Democratic total was 110,184. La Follette had 42,416. This was a total showing of 398,922; against 349,959 in 1920. But the Republicans gained 17,094 while the Democrats lost 10,541. Where again, were the ladies? Mainly with the Republicans or La Follette.

Further comparisons would be useless. Two things stand out compellingly. The Democrats are badly mired by suffrage, and woman must do better to justify it.

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INTERPRETING THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

IF YOU and I had been part of that slightly bored throng filling the Paris theatres in the days of the Grand Monarch, we might possibly have sensed the oncoming French Revolution in the sparkling comedies of Molière—the muttering conviction of wrong which vented itself in stinging satire. I say we might haved sensed it. But the chances are that we would simply have fallen under the spell of joyous entertainment—the product of admirable technique, sharp wit and a humorous wink exchanged between playwright, actors and ourselves.

Yet those comedies did forecast the Revolution. Each jest wore an invisible red cap, and terror peered through the mask of farce. In any period of mental turmoil, plays have this double importance—entertainment and prophecy, sometimes deliberate propaganda, too. From Aristophanes to Bernard Shaw in satirical comedy, from Euripides to Ibsen and Tolstoy in tragedy, the important plays of any age have caught the popular fancy through giving a voice to vague feelings and sentiments, already stirring in the masses, to the actualities of tomorrow. The playwright becomes the mouthpiece and interpreter of the people. His plays make us feel that we are glimpsing tomorrow's sun—or perhaps tomorrow's storm. In this, even more than in their power to entertain, lies their perpetual fascination. They bridge the gap between what we are, and the crags to which our imagination leaps.

The dramatic critic is often aware of this. In following minutely from season to season the currents of opinion as expressed or foreshadowed in the play, he has a rare opportunity on his own part to serve as interpreter—that is, to do much more than appraise the theatrical or entertaining qualities of a piece; in fact, to set the play or a group of plays in perspective as a forecast of tomorrow, as an influence for good or bad, as true dramatic art or as concealed special pleading. He can, if he has the time and the inclination, dig to the inwardness of the play—comedy, drama or tragedy—and present it in a setting which even the playwright himself may not have suspected. For, strangely enough, the poetic mind (and most good playwrights are of the stuff of poets) is seldom aware of the full implication of its work. It often fails to see in the child it has created the features of the full grown man. This is the task—and a most absorbing one—of the critic.

The matter of the critic's time and inclination is important. Daily journalism hardly nourishes a reflective mood. The last curtain falls at eleven. The morning's edition goes to press shortly after midnight. In that one short hour, the newspaper critic is supposed to digest what he has seen, form a conclusion and give it forth to many thousands of people. For this reason most of our newspaper criticisms are merely reportorial, merely an expression of the critic's first impression of entertainment or boredom, of good acting or bad, of adequate or incompetent stage setting, of skilful or lumbering technique and "tempo." You can readily note the marked difference between the writings of the same critic in the daily press, and in the weekly or monthly reviews. Time works against effective criticism in newspapers. But what of inclination?

Here we strike something of capital importance. The inclination to dig beneath the surface of a play demands some sort of standard of judgment; some fairly definite view of life; some understanding of, or at least interest in, group psychology; some sense of the unity behind the multiplicity of circumstance. Now, standards of judgment happen to be today thoroughly unpopular. We are living in an age of impulsive feeling. We chase after sensation and emotion. We live in the shadow of the poster—of display, flamboyant color, and concentrated "punch." The largest and loudest poster sells the most tooth paste. The most poignant jazz sets the most feet dancing. The play that fills the house is the play with the strident emotional clamor. Sober judgment is decidedly not popular on its own account. The critic who would call it into service every now and then, must have courage—that is, unless he has the rare fortune to have an exceptional audience, which either by inheritance, or tradition, or environment, or through revolt against the extremes of the day is eager to pass with him to a quieter chamber of the mind and there talk over the things that really count—permanent things to do with beauty, right and wrong, and the full rich meaning of life.

The inclination, then, as well as the time, is seldom at the command of dramatic critics to seize what is really their finest opportunity—the study of the play as true drama, as an immediate influence, and as an important prophecy of tomorrow. To many of them, a standard of judgment appears utopian if not actually absurd. They seldom look beyond entertainment value. They want to be amusing at all costs—and so they are, as amusing as a tailor without a yard stick.

Others, more sophisticated, the cognoscenti (if you like that soaring word) will profess an utter indifference to popular taste, and appear actually to apply some standard of aesthetic judgment. But aesthetics of this sort is more often than not a personal feeling judgment—springing, it is true, from a small group of intellectuals rather than from large masses, but none the less the product of immediate sense impression. Only a few are far enough ahead of the times to believe once more in the existence of durable standards of right and wrong, of permanent beauty and truth—in short, to believe in God as Creator, and man as the created pilgrim with life as his pilgrimage.

Let me hasten to recall that I am speaking always of America. On the continent of Europe, and to a certain extent in Great Britain, what we may rightly call the Christian standards of dramatic art have never fallen into the discard. They have asserted themselves at all times courageously, often the voice of a minority, but none the less with clearness, certitude and astonishing force.

It is in America, chiefly, where we have accepted a mistaken idea of tolerance (the notion that tolerance of other ideas means keeping silent about your own) that a firm and resolute application of durable standards to the drama has been conspicuously unheard except in the religious press itself. As a consequence, the true scope and creative power of traditional Christian aesthetics is almost unknown—or is grossly misrepresented under the epithet of Puritanism. The Puritan taboo against most of the instinctive cravings of man for expression in dancing, in pageant, in the drama, in music, and the plastic arts has set up a popular association of Christian standards with moroseness, gloom and mental dyspepsia. The Puritan was never a true Christian—at least, never a happy Christian. And without an interior and abounding happiness, Christianity has lost part of its meaning. It has become, not the splendid control of the flesh by the spirit, but rather a deadlock between them—the crucifixion of life without its resurrection.

The recent New York theatrical seasons have demanded in the most compelling way, criticism springing from the true, rather than the Puritan, Christian standards. Few of the

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plays have attempted to deal with so-called social questions, labor and capital, corrupt politics and uplift generally. Such surface phenomena, which cluttered up our stage about 1914, have given way to problems far more personal and penetrating —far more real to the life of the individual. The newer plays reflect in the sharpest way the mental turmoil, the doubts, and the interior torture which have succeeded to the mass enthusiasm of the war days. If we except the pure adventure stories and a few plain farces, the current plays have almost, without exception, asked such questions as these—Is there a moral law? Are men responsible for what they do? If so, to whom are they responsible? Is there a God, or is the only god a sort of higher self within each of us? Is there such a thing as sin? Or are we dealing only with complexes, repressions, split personalities, inhibitions, floating libidos and compulsion neuroses? Should we change our whole attitude toward social customs, towards marriage, towards criminal law and personal responsibility, towards free will and man's ultimate destiny, towards education and personal psychology, towards medicine, art and religion?

Now, many critics would maintain that we ought to regard a dramatic procession of this sort with a certain "civilized" indifference—that is, with a sophisticated tolerance of anything that is well done and that does not obviously breathe the soul of hokum and hypocrisy. In keeping with the psychoanalyst who told a friend that she "could have done Saint Paul a lot of good, if he had come to her," critics imbued with this super-civilized or neo-pagan sense, itch to play with other people's ideas. To them, the whole world is their laboratory, not to mention God and the universe. Unfortunately (for the super-civilized) most men live by ideas and beliefs, rather than by playing with them.

Certainly this is true in the only civilizations that have endured. Plays that touch the bed-rock of belief and conviction, demand anything but indifference. They demand bare-handed dissection in the full light of belief—a plain, unveneered analysis of just what they are, what questions they raise, what their influence will be today, what they reflect of our current state of mind, and what they prophesy for tomorrow.

It makes no difference whether plays of this sort are delicate and satirical comedies, bold tragedies, or the most powerful dramas ever written of emotion, struggle, defeat and victory. The critic who appraises them solely on their theatrical merit—plot, sequence, tempo and the like—and who neglects their true dramatic value (correspondence with a universal truth) and their inward moral worth, is convicting himself either of cowardice, laziness or—worst of all—cynical indifference.

The truth is that you cannot pigeon-hole a play. A good play is essentially an idea carried into mimic reality. It holds us because we share for the moment that sense of reality, that outward expression of an inward idea. The psychologist may lecture in his class-room about the type of man whose judgment and whose will are in endless conflict. This is an idea. It leaves us relatively cold. Then we see Barrymore in Hamlet, and suddenly the idea becomes real. We see and feel the deadlock expressed in a particular human being. We sense the drama, the universal truth, of this problem. Perhaps we think of other Hamlets walking the streets, staring at us through evening mists, of all the tragic failures of fine intellect and impotent will. It may recall to us by contrast titanic figures like Saint Augustine, who also knew the problem of Hamlet, but knew as well the final victory. We pass beyond Hamlet to life itself, to our own problems, to the causes of our own defeats and occasional victories. No. You cannot pigeon-hole the play. It does not leave you cold. It is the reflection, the summing-up and the laying bare of your own life.

If for no other reason, we must apply standards to the play just as fearlessly as to life itself. That is the truest and the finest form of criticism. It accepts and welcomes the double aspect of the play—as a form of entertainment and as the bringing into particular reality of a truth or a falsehood. If you see the play as a living falsehood, you cannot escape with a statement that it is well-acted, powerfully written and inherently "good theatre." You must, if you feel the compulsion to honest criticism, treat of it also as a falsehood. For to every man who sees that play, it will become in some measure a part of his experience of life and reality. The more beautifully written it is, and the more perfectly acted, the deeper will it engrave itself upon him. If your idea of falsehood and the playwright do not agree, then you have at least joined a clear issue. You have not stood silent and afraid before the Calf of Gold, though the gold glitters and the calf is worshipped by many men.

A Prayer

Teach me to pray, O World!
Your flowing streams,
Your bending trees,
Your wind-touched dreams!
Here, on my knees,
Deep in the tall spring grass, I say
Teach me to pray . . . teach me to pray . . .

For in the stir of leaves,
In rippled grass,
In field and wood,
In clouds that pass . . .
Words understood
Dimly by men, you speak, yet they
Are beautiful; through them you pray.

Teach me, O World, your prayer!
I, too, would lift
My voice and be
Lost in your gift
Of melody.
I, too, within that hymn of praise
One little note of love would raise.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Mountain Lake

How this fair lake now lies serenely still,
A turquoise set within a crater's rim
Whose once tumultuous flame and smoke made dim
The face of heaven and scorched each mountain rill
To steam: here grew no tree nor flower until
The Hand that made the world was moved to trim
The rebel fire, and it was changed by Him
Who turns to living streams, the stony hill.

So may my soul, dear God, when life is done,
And when the fires of passion flame no more,
When smoke from ashes of regret is gone
And tempests cease to wake a tranquil shore,
Thus lie at rest and mirror back to Thee
The beauty of Thine own immensity.

JOHN MEEHAN.

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COMMUNICATIONS

ANTI-EVOLUTIONARY ARGUMENT

Winona, Minn.

TO the Editor:—I have just read Father FitzSimmons's communication to The Commonweal and regard the letter as beside the point. Evidently his immediate object is to combat the argument adduced by Father Eric Wasmann in favor of his evolutionary theories, but I surmise his ultimate object is generally to combat the theory of organic evolution.

Now, I am not partisanly in favor of either the evolutionary theory of creation or of the view of specific creation; in fact, I would say—"I don't know what method God employed." To me it seems that those who oppose evolution are in favor of specific creation, and those who profess evolution must oppose specific creation. Thus, there are but two groups, unless Father FitzSimons is willing to join me in a third which includes those who believe there is no conclusive evidence for a general acceptance of either school of thought.

But, following my classification, those who oppose evolution must be regarded as having a leaning, at least, toward specific creation. What has always surprised me, is that this group, which deep down in their hearts are fundamentalists on this question, should not advance reasons for their own views instead of attacking evolution. Their procedure reminds me of a debate I judged on the question of the open and closed shop in industry. The proponents for the closed shop outlined reason after reason, advantage after advantage, for their side in their constructive speeches; their opponents merely attacked the closed shop without advancing any arguments in favor of their open shop. Rebuttal still found the open shop speakers telling of the disadvantages of the closed shop. As was to be expected, the decision was unanimous for the closed shop.

Always attacking evolution is on a par with the foolish strategy of the open shop debaters; it is poor strategy and will never influence in the least the great number of educated people who now prefer the theory of evolution to specific creation. To point out deficiencies in evolution does not point out the sufficiency of specific creation as *the* method of creation. What is wanted is some constructive and positive argument favoring specific creation—that is why Father FitzSimons's letter is beside the point.

Let those who oppose evolution and favor specific creation give reasons for their belief in specific creation. No more arguments against evolution are wanted; we have been surfeited with these. What we do want and need sorely are a few positive arguments and some straight thinking in favor of specific creation that will stand up.

JOHN J. WAGNER.

VICTORIANS AND BLINKERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your editorial of last week, upholding the essential worth-whileness of Dickens in the face of a generation that presumably has ceased to find in him any trace of realism, you have fallen into an error which is rather a reflection upon your own familiarity with the maligned author. As I seem to remember David Copperfield (and my familiarity goes back, lo, these many years) the body of Steerforth was not left in the "fishing hut at Yarmouth," but carried to another cottage, the simple sailor folk feeling instinctively that it should not be left under the roof of the home he had ruined. None the less, although I feel it my duty to correct what is an obvious lapse of memory, I would like to associate myself (though I can by no means be said to have attained the "resigned" age, and still foster the hope that the bulk of my achievement lies before me) with your remark upon the shallowness of the criticism to which this great writer is subjected by critics of the "intelligentsia." Sometimes it seems to me that they are like the people in Alice in Wonderland, who felt that they had to keep running in order to stay in the same place. Are we to be allowed to assimilate any of the old literature before considering the new? Is an acquaintance with all that the masters of literature have said in the past to be considered a burden upon our appreciation of what is being said today? It seems to me that the whole question resolves itself into a sheer matter of perspective. There can be no doubt that the Victorians did "avert their faces" from a whole side of life that has become the preoccupation of the neo-realists; but I think, with you, that it is pure assumption to say that they did so because they were unaware of what was going on around them, or traveled through life with metaphorical blinkers on their eyes.

CHARLES HUDDLESTON.

SCANDINAVIAN AUTHORS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I notice that your book department carries reviews of many translations from European authors. Apropos of the flock of translations that is flooding the American book market, it is of interest to note how unequally certain Scandinavian authors share representation in translations. I looked up the translations from Selma Lagerlöf in the New York Public Library, and found not less than twelve or thirteen works listed. They are—Christ Legends, The Emperor of Portugallia, From a Swedish Homestead, The Adventures of Nils Holgerson, Further Adventures of Nils Holgerson, The Girl from the Marsh Croft, Gösta Berling's Saga (two different translations) Jerusalem (several translations) Invisible Links, Liliecrona's Home, The Outcast, The Miracles of Antichrist, and selections from her works.

Now it is certain that Selma Lagerlöf is not to be ranked with Verner von Heidenstam or Strindberg. However, only very few of the works of the former have been translated. As regards Strindberg in particular, the really volcanic force of his genius cannot be appreciated in translations. For the development of the Swedish language, Strindberg played an even greater rôle than did Björnson for the Norwegian language. It is a pity that Strindberg's whole production is so inaccessible to the world. He was not inferior to Ibsen, and was greater than Björnson, in my opinion.

But the Swedes have perhaps done their best in lyrical poetry, which can never be appreciated when translated. Beside Fröding and Karlfelt, Sweden has Heidenstam, Anders Osterling, Vilhelm Ekelund and a number of others who have written very fine poetry in recent times. In this branch of literature, Sweden, I am certain, ranks first among the Scandinavian countries—although I do not forget either Björnson and Ibsen, or Holger Drachmann, the Dane.

NILS HAMMARSTRAND.

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BOOKS

Mammonart, An Essay in Economic Interpretation, by Upton Sinclair. Pasadena: Published by the author.

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR is the last person in the world whom one would expect to find laying himself open to the charge of proving too little. Yet that is exactly what he does in this new volume on the history of art—indeed, almost exclusively of literature—throughout the ages. He begins bravely enough with a stupendous and apparently indefensible thesis, and one's sporting blood stirs one to hope that by hook or crook he will manage to support it—with enough single-mindedness, at least, to give it aesthetic validity, if not intellectual persuasiveness. Not even a certain initial sympathy with his position can blind one to the fact that he has not achieved the feat.

The thesis he announces at the outset—wrong as, in such terms, it is—is a thesis to which an adroit dialectician could give considerable plausibility, the thesis that "all art is propaganda. It is universally and inescapably propaganda; sometimes unconsciously, but often deliberately, propaganda." Mr. Sinclair does well not to boggle at the word, and to insist that by propaganda he means "effort directed systematically toward the gaining of support for an opinion or course of action." One would have so much enjoyed seeing him fight it out on this line against all the sentimental aesthetes in the world: whereas he proceeds to write an "outline of literature" which any school-marm might have sponsored, an outline from which emerge at last the two sorry commonplaces that literary men have always, like all mortals, been affected by economic considerations, and that all writers, as sentient beings, have attitudes toward life which their work more or less fully reflects.

Shakespeare is one of Mr. Sinclair's favorite examples of the leisure "class artist" despising the proletariat and pandering to his feudal overlords: how clumsy of Shakespeare, then, to represent kings and princes in that pure and pitiless light in which Richard III and Macbeth and Claudius and Lear move before our eyes! And many of Mr. Sinclair's illustrations of the law—Homer, Boccaccio, Racine, Meredith—are even less well-chosen than Shakespeare. How inept writers must have been, one is inclined to exclaim, if with this aim in mind they achieved it so uncertainly!

He is betrayed into the second commonplace by a singular naïveté: having begun with his uncompromising definition of propaganda, he proceeds to split it to pieces by making it hold more than any definition in the world will hold without disaster. If one is going to brand all writers as propagandists, one is met at the outset with the difficulty that some very great ones—Ovid, Horace, Chaucer, Herrick, Gautier—have been explicitly dedicated to an "art for art's sake" program, even before the phrase existed. It is not easy to show how any of these men directed "systematic" effort toward gaining support for "an opinion or course of action," entertainers as they all, in one way or another, regarded themselves.

Mr. Sinclair's device for dodging this dilemma is too easy. He maintains that even these story-tellers and lyrists had sets of values which they cherished, even if they were the values of indolence and self-indulgence, and that their writing is an inexplicit glorification of those values. It is a harmless truism. A verse of Herrick's does indeed grace with a naughty loveliness certain forms of outdoor gaiety—but how far we are from the important insistencies of propaganda! To say what Mr. Sinclair too inadvertently repeats, is scarcely to say more than that literature deals with human beings, and therefore with their pleasures and their pains, their weaknesses and their sources of strength; and that literature which does this beautifully or arrestingly may be said to represent some things as good and admirable, other things as bad and worthy to be shunned. So much might have been admitted to begin with.

In voicing these reservations, however, I do Mr. Sinclair some injustice. The solid facts which he handles do indeed take the sting out of his thesis that literature is nothing but propaganda, but they leave in no ambiguity Mr. Sinclair's own reformist and utilitarian zeal. That, in itself, is a noble and impressive thing. It even enables him to respond to a good deal in literature which would leave a sluggish indifferentist cold. For one of the deepest and steadiest sources of literary inspiration is a love of certain ways of life as humane and fine, and a hatred of others as inhumane and brutal, and if we cannot share either the love or the hatred, we cannot vibrate to certain strains as we should.

This is very far, however, from saying that the centre of the literary impulse is and should be the desire, in Mr. Sinclair's words, "to do something about it." It is very far from saying that the only pressure an artist feels, and we need to know about, is economic pressure. How many Miltons would have been mute forever if the class struggle, from about them or below them, had been their only occasion for speaking forth! The truth is, Mr. Sinclair's insight into the creative impulse in literature is not very deep. He gives no evidence of seeing that experience itself is for some men too urgent, too oppressive, too turbulent, to be tolerable until they have found for it an objective expression in language that will give it an endurable beauty and an apprehensible formality it does not otherwise have. That this is the essential literary motive—whatever others may and do enter in—he never allows us to suspect.

I am sure this is no empty charge. Mr. Sinclair exposes very constantly an obtuseness to what I can only call the values of experience, an impatient incomprehension of the love of beauty or the "tragic sense of life." He can see nothing in Phèdre but a sordid drama of unbridled and unintelligent desires. He can see in Kubla Khan only a dark appeal to irrational fears and superstitions—"there never was a river Alph, and the sacredness of any river is a fiction of a priestly caste, preying on the people." He has no tolerance for an emotional experience, such as Tennyson's grief for Arthur Hallam, which might be dissipated by clear thinking—"it is puzzling to us that a grown man should be so taken aback by death; it would seem to be a common enough phenomenon to be noted and prepared for." Can it be that Mr. Sinclair, for all his vehemence, is still—emotionally—adolescent?

The re-making of a muddled social order is a terribly serious and important business, more important, at some moments, than the creation of fine art; and it is well that literature should reflect the strife of ideas and interests which that re-making involves. But it is no service either to society or to literature to pretend that the only *goal* of the creative life is to bring about some change in things as they are: too many other human faculties are better adapted to the task. Mr. Sinclair's preoccupation with "getting results" is itself a sympton of a society whose values are not all they ought to be, and it keeps him from envisaging the society of the future as imaginatively as he otherwise might.

NEWTON ARVIN.

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Memories of Forty-Eight Years' Service, with maps and illustrations, by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $8.00.

"ENGLISH soldiers make war like satraps," a French officer who was the guest of a brigade mess on Asiago once remarked to the writer. There are moments during the perusal of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's Memories of Forty-Eight Years' Service when everything save the economic aspect fades from view. What forests of factory chimneys, belching smoke to heaven; what fleets of argosies plowing the main; what millions of toiling producers—what boundless national prosperity, in a word, must be the background of such a portent as this infantry captain with his string of thirty-two "racing, polo, pig-sticking, harness ponies and horses," the "Persicos apparatus" of his "pâté de foie gras and port wine" on active service, his two weeks' leave, during operations, to attend the races at Lucknow, his general conception of war as the most glorious of all sports and the best of all picnics!

It would be an interesting historical study to trace this tradition of luxury in the British fighting service. It certainly did not exist in the eighteenth century, when "a pair of colors" was often the alternative to a debtor's prison, and when the poverty and destitution of infantry subalterns serving in America moved the humane heart of Benjamin Franklin to donations of food-hampers and clothing. A shrewd guess would assign it to the industrial era, with the rise to affluence of thousands of middle-class families to whom a commission in the King's army became a sort of "cachet" of social standing.

It is plain that Sir Horace in any case belonged to the inner circle, the "fighting caste" of soldiers who are sons and grandsons of soldiers; to whom naturally and not undeservedly such things as staff appointments, military governorships, ribbons, medals and speedy promotion gravitate, the men for whom, during the great war, and in the words of Mr. C. E. Montague, territorials and "temporary officers" generally did the "coolie work." Sir Horace was shrewdly adventurous and does not seem to have missed much. Whenever any interesting little "side-show" war was in the wind, news of it was pretty sure to reach him, and a telegram to "the right quarter" seldom failed of its effect. Regimental duty (he was an officer in the Sherwood Foresters) appealed to him most when his corps was actually in the firing line. On one such occasion, and during long leave in London, he caught the Orient Express on October 9, jumped a P. and O. liner at Brindisi and was with his men at Shingwari, on the north-western frontier on October 28, a record of speedy action on which he dwells with pardonable complacency.

The brave old general writes bluntly and without any effort to achieve style after the manner of his distinguished brothers-in-arms, Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir William Butler. To the latter, by the way, he indulges in rather a sour reference. But his record is such that it cannot help being full of life and color. He escapes with bare life from the disaster of Isandhlwana, he spends the night in a tent with the Prince Imperial and sees his body brought in next day with sixteen assegai wounds. He counts 10,000 dead dervishes at Omdurman upon the ground swept by Kitchener's machine guns, he is with the column which captures stubborn Cronje, his psalm-singing burghers and his wagons full of women and children, he is at Fashoda when the risk of a great Franco-British war evaporates around "a tray of bottles and glasses." There is a single, fascinating glimpse of "Chinese Gordon" on his way to Khartum and death that Lytton Strachey should not have missed—"He, dressed in black (a frock-coat, I think) was seated in a carriage about to drive to the station . . . Just as his carriage was moving off he called out that he had neither soap nor towels, and I have still a vivid recollection of Lady Wood throwing him a bundle containing the required articles from a bedroom window."

At Le Cateau Sir Horace sees the old era of happy and haphazard warfare go into the discard, and, incidentally, his name takes its place in history. There are few incidents in the annals of warfare more moving than his brief phrase, uttered amid "dead silence in the little room at Bertry" at the crisis of the Mons retreat. "Very well, gentlemen, we will fight, and I will ask General Snow to act under me as well."

Sir Horace married rather late in life, and this record of nearly half a century's service, he tells us, is intended mainly for the eyes of his young sons. It certainly is an inspiring family record. From every line emerges the accomplished and legendary figure of the gentleman and soldier whom British soldiers follow to the death, all the more readily, perhaps, because life dealt him such a good hand.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Human Origins, by George Grant MacCurdy. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $10.00.

OF LATE there has been quite a harvest of books on prehistoric archaeology, and the fact that publishers find it worth their while to issue such costly works shows how considerable must be the demand for information on a subject which fifty years ago was almost unknown. The third edition of Professor Sollas's work was recently reviewed in these columns, and in addition to this in the last few years we have had the excellent translation by Dr. and Mrs. Ritchie, of Boule's classical work, Fossil Men; and Burkitt's Prehistory.

And now comes this truly marvelous work from the curator of anthropology at Yale University—a work which, in spite of the constant flood of new observations which threatens to submerge anything published on the subject within a short time, must long remain authoritative, if only on account of the exhaustive lists of localities and maps, carried out in a manner quite unapproached by any other book dealing with the same topics. With such books before him the reader can form a really adequate idea of what is known about our remote ancestors, especially in Europe.

In a book like Dr. MacCurdy's one naturally turns to the questions which are still matters of controversy with a desire to ascertain what new light the writer sheds upon them. As to the disputed skulls, Dr. MacCurdy deals very fully with that much debated relic, the Java skull, detailing the theories still under discussion as to its exact character, though not committing himself to any definite opinion about it. Presumably he accepts the view of Elliot Smith, since he reprints his chart of the supposed family tree of the human race. There is also a very full account of the Piltdown skull, and of the "restorations" which have been made of it and the theories they have given rise to.

In the section on chronology where the author admits that here he is dealing largely with guess-work, one notices that he inclines to the chronology of Penck. That glaciologist is unquestionably a man of first-rate authority, but many have disputed his figures, which tend to the extreme in length—

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and still more, his disposition of the various races in the several epochs of the glacial period. Penck certainly takes the maximum time, though many competent prehistorians, among them Sollas, adopt a very much more conservative view. Sollas places the transition from the old to the new stone age at some seven thousand years ago; and Peake, a first-class authority, places the arrival of modern men—i. e., post-Neanderthaloid—in northern Africa, whence they colonized Europe, as in 15,000 B. C. These of course are surmises, but the former is founded on as good evidence as we can ever expect; and the latter is also supported by excellent testimony. Dr. MacCurdy asks for 500,000 years for man's existence on this earth. Fifteen thousand of these years, according to the evidence just quoted, takes us back to a very early date in man's history. What was happening to man during the odd 485,000 years? That is a question which we have never seen discussed and which needs discussion badly. It is admitted that the early skulls are those of men with fair-sized brains—indeed, the Cro-Magnon men, whom Peake places at about 1300 B. C., had larger skulls than the average today. What were these people about that they advanced so little in 485,000 years, and so much in the remaining 15,000? The Abbé Breuil, admittedly the first authority of the day, takes a much more conservative view of the period of man's existence on earth.

It is an interesting fact that so many of the outstanding prehistorians have been Catholic priests. Besides the eminent Abbé Breuil, professor of the Institute of Human Palaeontology, in Paris, there was Father MacEnery, Catholic chaplain at Tor Abbey, Devonshire, who re-discovered that famous site, Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, and who worked on it from 1825 to 1841, being the first man to claim that man and fossil animals had co-existed. He was ahead of his time, and his work was discredited; but the position which he took up is fully established and his notes and observations, lost for nearly twenty years, were discovered and published by Mr. Pengelly, whose name will always be coupled with his in relation to Kent's Cavern. The Abbé Bourgeois, in 1867, was another authority, though his Thenay flakes are no longer considered to be the work of man's hands. Finally—omitting minor names—there are today Fathers L. and T. de Chardin, whose discoveries in China have aroused great interest.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Western Ocean Packets, by Basil Lubbock. Boston: Charles E. Lauriat Company. $3.50.

Old Sailing-Ship Days, by John D. Whidden. Boston: Charles E. Lauriat Company. $3.50.

A SEA-GOING ship is dusted all over, as from a butterfly's wings, with the gold and glamor of romance. Not for nothing has she ventured into strange ports and taken on cargoes smelling mysteriously of the Far East. To look at her, is to set the heart by star time; and actually to board her and go below decks is to take passage for the Hesperides.

It is pleasant to note a gathering interest in the chronicles of the American merchant marine, that lost glory. For instance, here is Mr. Lubbock telling us a tale, full of fine salt savor, of the packets—those passenger-carrying craft which ranged the Atlantic under half a score of house flags, and carried from obscurity into prosperity not a few founders of our best families.

Even after steamships had begun to ply to and fro across the Atlantic, these sturdy craft, carrying the black ball, the black x, the red star, the white diamond, the swallow tail and the red cross, drove their way to Liverpool and back in every kind of weather, often with battened hatches, and rigging set up to concert pitch. It stands to reason that this sort of service demanded and developed a breed of indomitable captains and ferocious petty officers. We read in Mr. Lubbock's book of a kind of sea-going apache, called a "packet rat"—boasting a total indifference to blows on the head and hard weather on the body—who enlisted from ship to ship, in gangs, and plotted murder and mutiny; and of the "man-eating" bucko mates who went among them with a belaying pin and brass knuckles, immediately the anchor was weighed, and then and there, by brute will and calculated ferocity, took the upper hand for the entire voyage. We are told of another and inferior sort of sailor, much looked down upon by these sea-wolves, known as "joskins" or "raynecks;" greenhorns and country boys who had been drugged by waterfront crimps and shanghaied on board, and whose lot was to be plundered and bullied by those more natively barnacled.

Captain Whidden has given us a second edition of his life story, well told and racily pointed. With him we range the seven seas; stand watch for pirates in the Malay archipelago; go whaling in the Pacific and cod-fishing on the Banks; visit China, India, South America, San Francisco and Tahiti; run ashore on Terra del Fuego in a dead calm, and visit the empty grave of Napoleon on St. Helena. It is the story of a life such as is not now lived. Men still go to sea—but no longer without cables to precede them, or wireless to come up with them. There are still natives of a sort in Tahiti; and, for all one knows, pirates may even now put out in proas from under the shadow of Java Head. But it is not the same. There is a haze of burning oil on the horizon; the tankers thrust their ugly snouts with unholy unconcern into the good green seas, and on the wharves the cargoes unload from steam winches and steel cranes. The voice of the chanteyman is stilled. The old sailing-ship days are gone forever.

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW.

(In the July 22 issue of The Commonweal in the Week by Week paragraph referring to the new Benedictine university in China, this sentence appeared— "At present the upbuilding of the university is under his direction, although the assistance of the entire American-Chinese congregation has been pledged." The last part of the sentence should have read—"although the assistance of the entire American-Casinese congregation has been pledged." —The Editors.)

CONTRIBUTORS

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BRIEFER MENTION

Brother André, by William H. Gregory. New York: William J. Hirten Company. $1.00.

MR. GREGORY in this book, treats of the life of Brother André of the Oratory of Saint Joseph in Montreal. The author was inspired with a desire to lay before the public, particularly before those Americans who had already heard of Brother André, the true story of that good man's life and history. The sincerity of Mr. Gregory's feeling, and his fair treatment of his subject are apparent throughout the book. He shows us the small boy, Alfred Bessette, bereft of his family, frail, almost destitute; his struggles to find a place in the world of labor, without success; his desire to enter the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; his final admission as a lay-brother, despite his seeming lack of qualifications and his obvious lack of education. From that time, Brother André ceases to be simply a cog in the human wheel, and assumes a personality. At first, recognized only by his genuine goodwill and piety, Brother André, the doorkeeper of the college, soon became the firm friend and adviser of all who came within its portals. Then little by little grew the story of the miracles attributed to his intercessions through the intervention of Saint Joseph. The little Oratory has now become a greater seat of pilgrimage than even the famous shrine of Saint Anne de Beaupré. This book is particularly interesting since it is the first connected account of one who through his humble, though steadfast devotion, may one day be ranked among the Church's greatest servants.

In Excelsis, a Sonnet Sequence, by Lord Alfred Douglas. London: The Bodley Head. 8/.

THOUGH the world has long known Lord Alfred Douglas for many things, it has given scarcely any heed to the excellent poet he has long since proved himself. A peculiar intensity and an iron resolve flood these compact and perfect stanzas. From the beginning, Douglas's verse has enshrined the sturdy but eccentric yeoman force of a certain British type. You will find the same sort of energy in Wilfred Scawen Blunt; perhaps in Patmore; certainly in Milton. It is the hardheaded insolence of men whose forbears have bought their freedom with stripes and swords; it is also the unusual honesty of loyal minds. Douglas accepted the Catholic faith when he found it, quite as he might have taken up a knightly battle-axe. For him it meant that Roland was holding the pass against the Saracens; that Constantinople was falling; that England was rotten. In Excelsis, therefore, has much more than an aesthetic value. It is a vindication of character, a profession of faith, and a sign of the disarray of the days in which we live.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Ah," said Dr. Angelicus, putting down the book of quotations he was reading, "here is Tittivillus with the new books I sent for."

"Not going to read all those over one week-end, are you, Doctor?" asked the Editor, as he surveyed the heap which the boy deposited on the table.

"That depends," replied Angelicus, as he began to examine the titles. "Let me see what the book dealer considers the six best and newest sellers."

His examination completed, the Doctor sat down gloomily. "No—they'll all have to go back. Not one of them is worth a half-hour's attention."

"But how do you know?" asked the Editor. "Surely the title and the name of the author are not sufficient grounds for condemnation of a book."

"My dear friend, more than adequate," replied Angelicus. "You forget that I have employed—or rather wasted—a considerable amount of time in that futile, if harmless, pastime known as book-reviewing. Nevertheless, perhaps the time has not been lost, for it has done one valuable thing for me—it has disillusioned me. When I was young, I used to survey any printed matter between two covers, with something of reverence and respect. A book was a wonderful thing—just because it was a book. Now, my first reaction in viewing a title-page is not one of respect, but rather of suspicion. And you've no idea how much heart-breaking disappointment, for-

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merly suffered, is saved me by this maturer attitude. I now see books in their true perspective—and at last realize that three-fourths of those that are published every year are an insult to the printers who have had to give their valuable time in setting them in type. In fact, considering the indignities of this sort that have been heaped upon printers, it is a wonder to me that there are any left in the world.

"Fancy being forced to labor over such trash," went on the Doctor, as he pointed a derisive finger at the pile of books in front of him. "And," he continued, waxing more indignant, "what is almost worse than the legions of idiotic books that have been thrust on a reluctant world, is the mass of even more idiotic aphorisms that have been said and repeated about them. Here," he continued, picking up the book of quotations he had dropped, "are a few of the sweet nothings that have been uttered down the centuries on the general subject of books. Now, Seneca must have been senile when he said—'Leisure without books is death.' If he had been a reviewer of books, he would have said—'Give me a leisure without books, or give me death.' And here's an old Greek proverb which enunciates—'The fountain of wisdom flows through books.' All I can say is that it would be far better for wisdom to establish a new pipe-line and water works, than to depend on that book fountain which dried up so long ago that not even a divining rod could now locate its lost source.

"Horace Mann once said in an off moment—'Books are to the young mind, what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter.' It just occurs to me now what the trouble is with the present-day 'young mind.' It is more to be pitied than scorned. There has been too much rain and not enough sun in the book output of the last decade. So we survey our garden and are disappointed when we discover nothing but dandelions in place of the row of nasturtiums we thought we had planted.

"The library at Thebes bore the inscription—'Medicine for the soul.' Most of the books inside were probably about as palatable as an old-fashioned draught of sulphur and molasses. And the librarian could have well remarked as she handed out a volume to the wincing reader—'Take your medicine.'

"William Godwin stated—'It is impossible that we can be much accustomed to books without attaining some resemblance to them.' God forbid that man attain any resemblance to twentieth-century literature. Now I would back the fundamentalists if they put up a fight against establishing such a resemblance. The simian one seems to me to be infinitely preferable. Whipple is quoted as saying that 'books are light houses erected in the great sea of time.' No wonder someone felt urged to write, Pull For the Shore, Sailor. Hazlitt said—'The greatest pleasure in life is that of reading while we are young.' He should have added—'enough to stand it.'

"Finally, we have Oliver Wendell Holmes declaring—'I was born and bred among books, and have the easy feeling when I get in their presence that a stable-boy has among horses.' Now that is perhaps a fairer allusion. I can grant that comparison and admit that frequently they have crowded me to the wall, and kicked the sides of their stalls out. They have gnawed their hitching-posts and chewed their bits."

"Haven't any ever run away with you?" asked the Editor.

"Well, yes," admitted Dr. Angelicus, grudgingly, "and that proves that Holmes's comparison was justified—for those are the ones that I, like the stable-boy, like the best."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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